

MOURNFUL MELPOMENE:

OR,

1346 m. 7
(21*)

The Lady's Farewel to the World,

Who died ANNO DOMINI 1650.

TUNE,——*Oh! bone, Oh! bone!*

Mournful Melpomene
Assist my quill,
That I may pensively
Now make my will;
Guide thou my hand to write,
And senses to indite
A lady's last good night;
O pity me!
I that was nobly born,
Hither am sent.
Like to a wretch forlorn
Here to lament awhile;
In this must strange exile,
Here to remain a while,
Till heaven be pleased to smile
And send for me.
My friends cannot come nigh
Me in this place,
Nor bear me company,
Such is my case;
Poor am I left alone,
Few to regard my moan
All my delights are gone;
Heaven succour me.
Each day with care and fears
I am preplexed;
My drink is brinish tears,
With sorrow mixt:
When others soundly sleep,
I sadly sob and weep,
Opprest with dangers deep:
Lord, comfort me.
When England flourished,
My parents dear
Tenderly nourishd me
Many a year:
I was advanc'd on high,
In a pace of dignity,
When golden bravery
They decked me.

PART II.

MY garments drest with pearl,
Richly approv'd,
Ne'er was an English girl
better lov'd;
Old and young great and small,
Wait upon my call,
I had the love of all
That did know me,
But from my former state
I am called back;
Thro' destiny and fate,
all goes to wreck.
Fortune did lately frown,
And caught me by the crown,
So pull'd me headlong down;
Oh! woe is me!

My dear friends are deacy'd,
which lov'd me best,
Ne'er was a harmless maid
so much distressed:
My father he is dead,
My brother's banished,
All joys from me are fled;
Heavens comfort me.
How well are these at ease,
and sweetly blest,
That may go where they please
and when they list;
To see their parents kind,
As nature doth them bind;
Such joys I cannot find;
Oh! woe is me!
All earthly joys are gone;
I will and must
Only in God alone,
Put my whole trust;
O blessed Trinity,
One God in persons three,
Release my misery,
And comfort me.
No creature on this earth
can ease my grief,
Until such time as death
yeild me relief.
A coffin and a grave,
Is that which I would have;
Sweet Christ my soul receive,
and succour me.
All my enemies that be,
both great and small,
Good Lord, I pray to thee,
forgive them all.
May England flourish brave,
When I am laid in grave;
So this I take my leave;
Christ sends for me.
I have in heaven above
a place prepar'd,
Never shall I remove
from thence afterward!
Go toll my passing bell,
Whilst angels sing my knell;
So now vain world farewell,
Christ sends for me.
When she these words had said,
with chearful heart,
The noble minded maid
then did depart.
No doubt her soul's at rest,
With them whom God hath blest.
The last words she exprest,
Christ calls for me.

F I N I S.